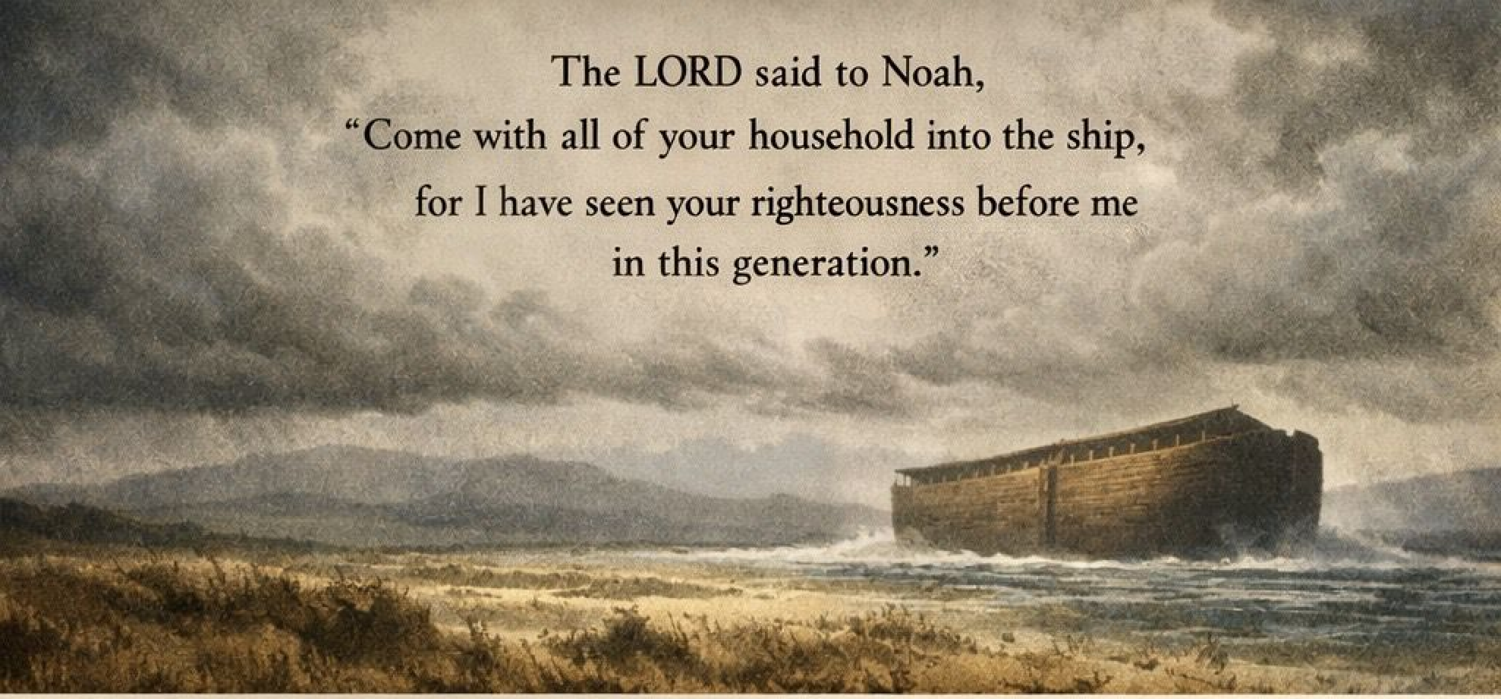
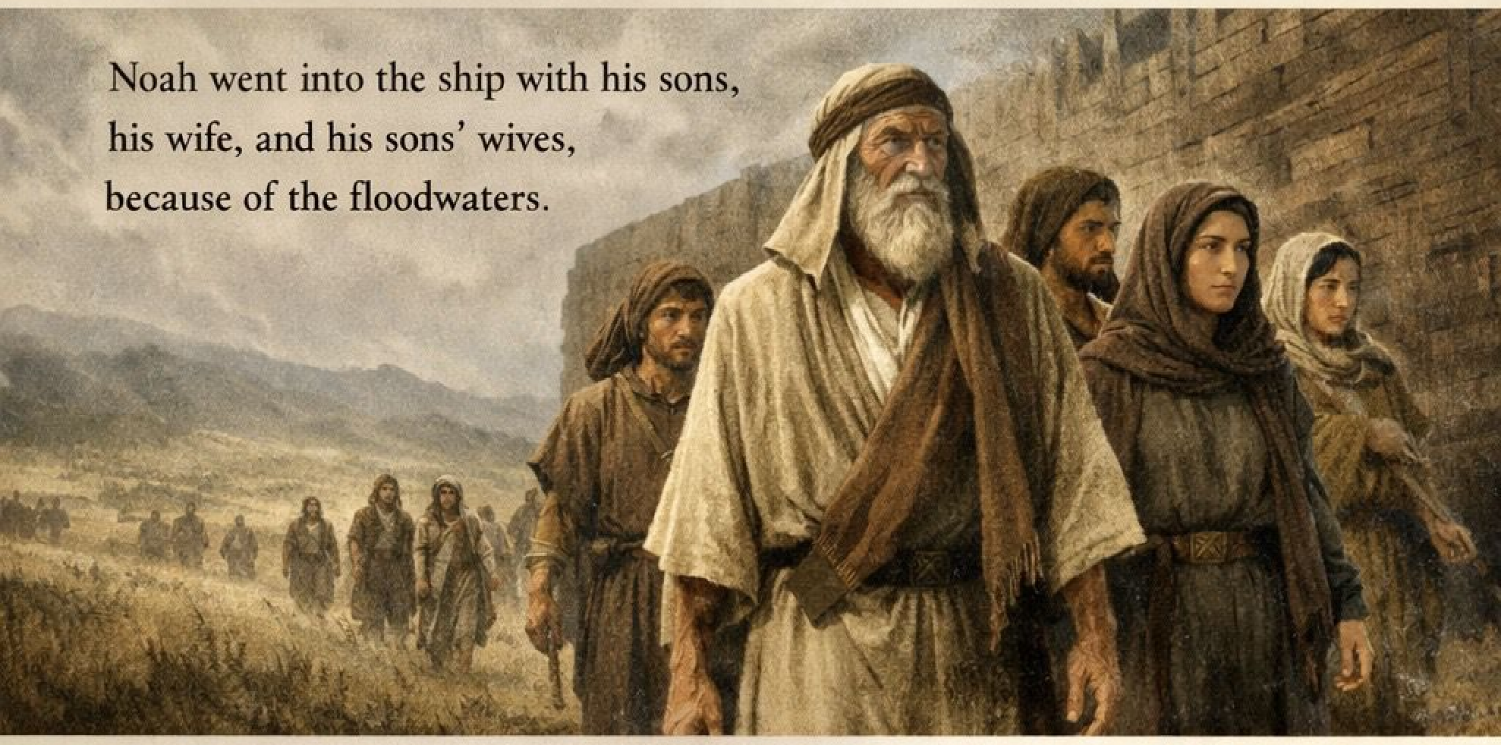
A Story of
THE STONE AGE

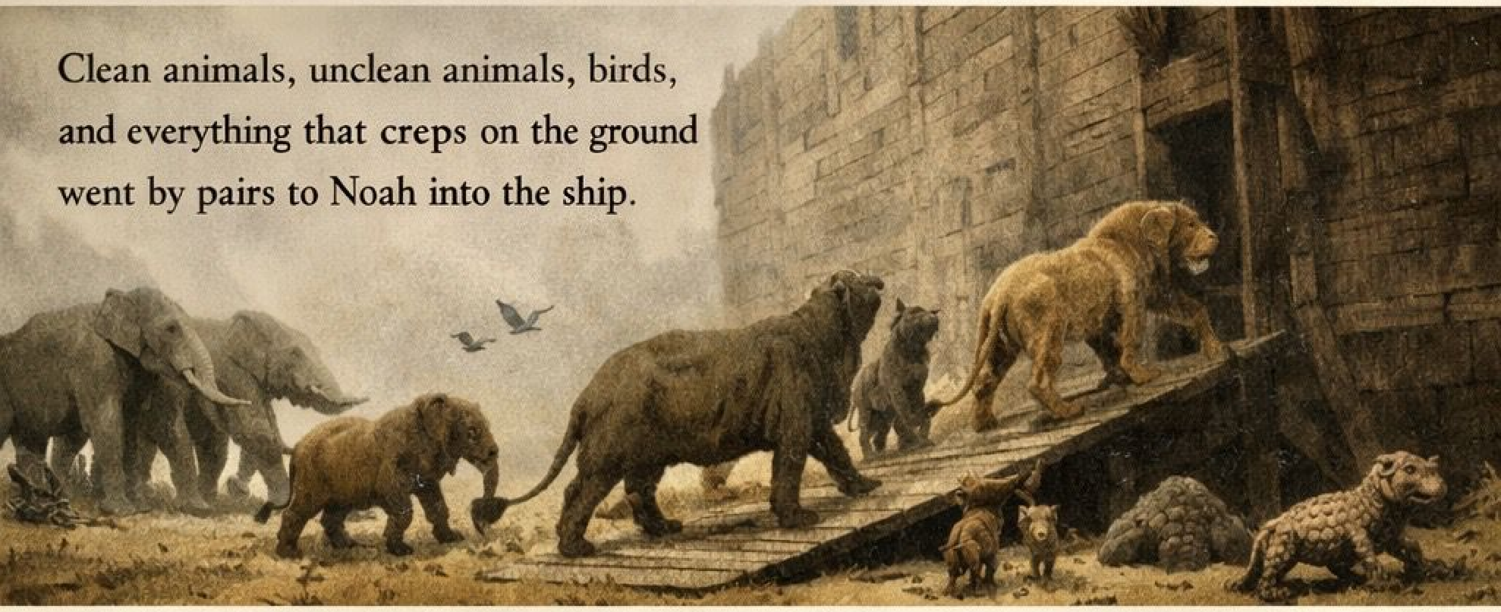
Volume I



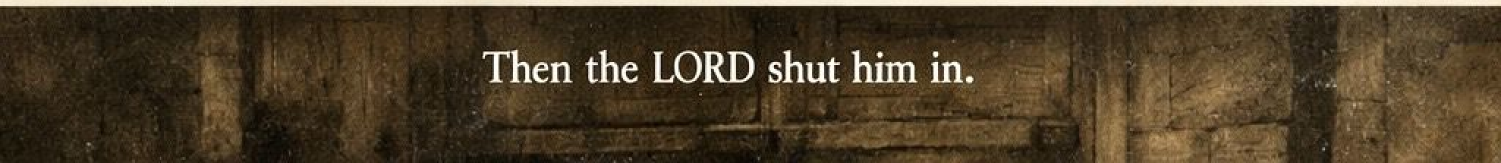
The LORD said to Noah, “Come with all of your household into the ship, for I have seen your righteousness before me in this generation.”



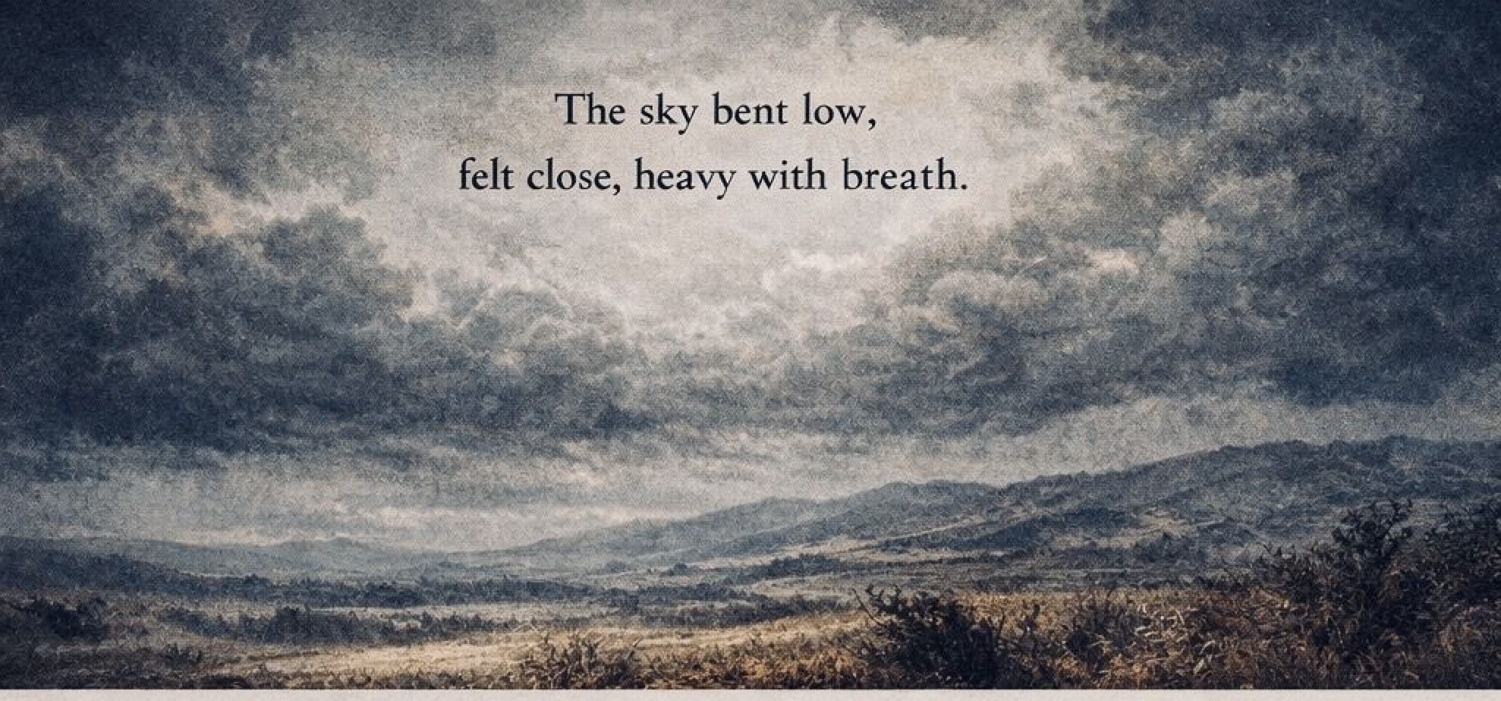
Noah went into the ship with his sons, his wife, and his sons’ wives, because of the floodwaters.



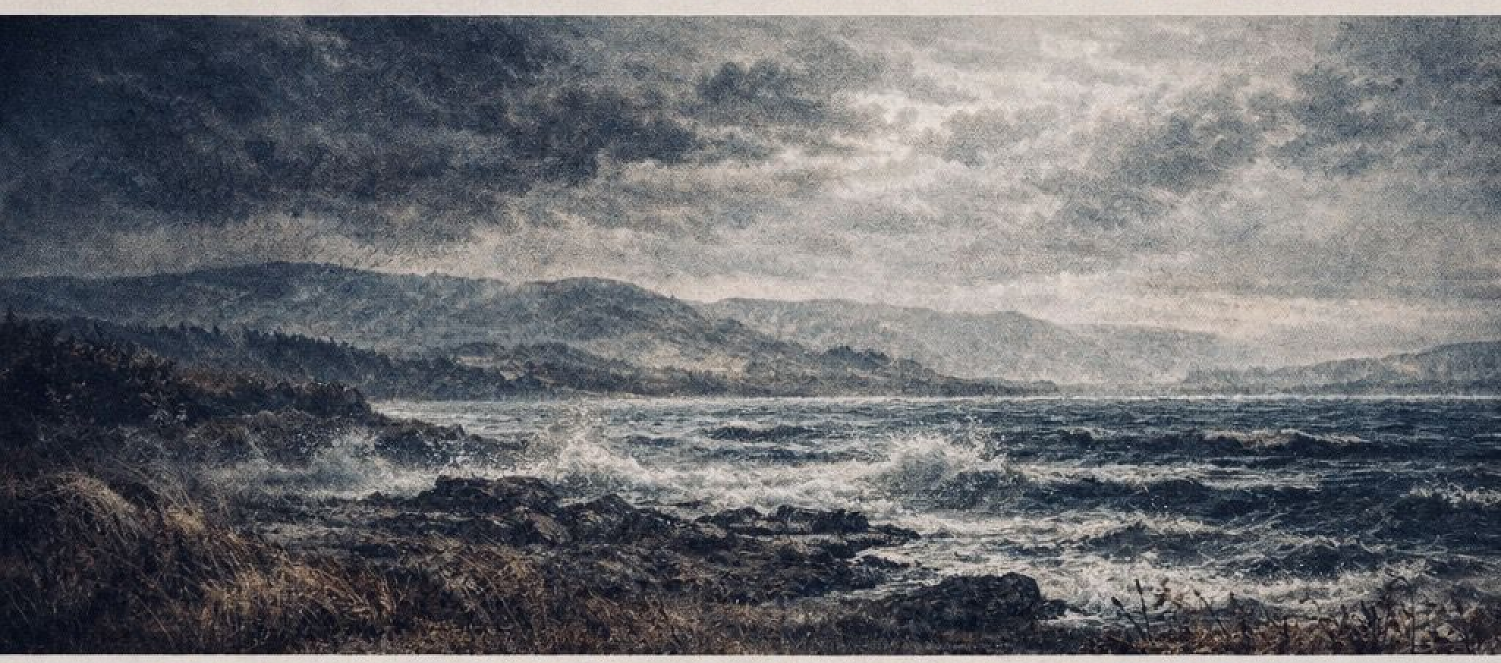
Clean animals, unclean animals, birds, and everything that creps on the ground went by pairs to Noah into the ship.

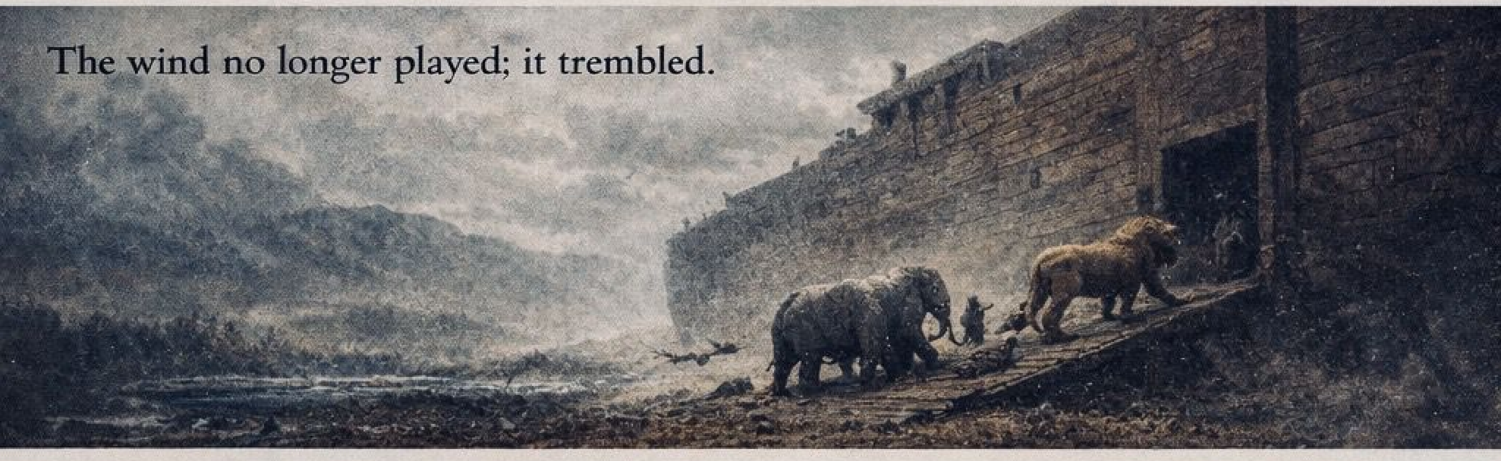


Then the LORD shut him in.

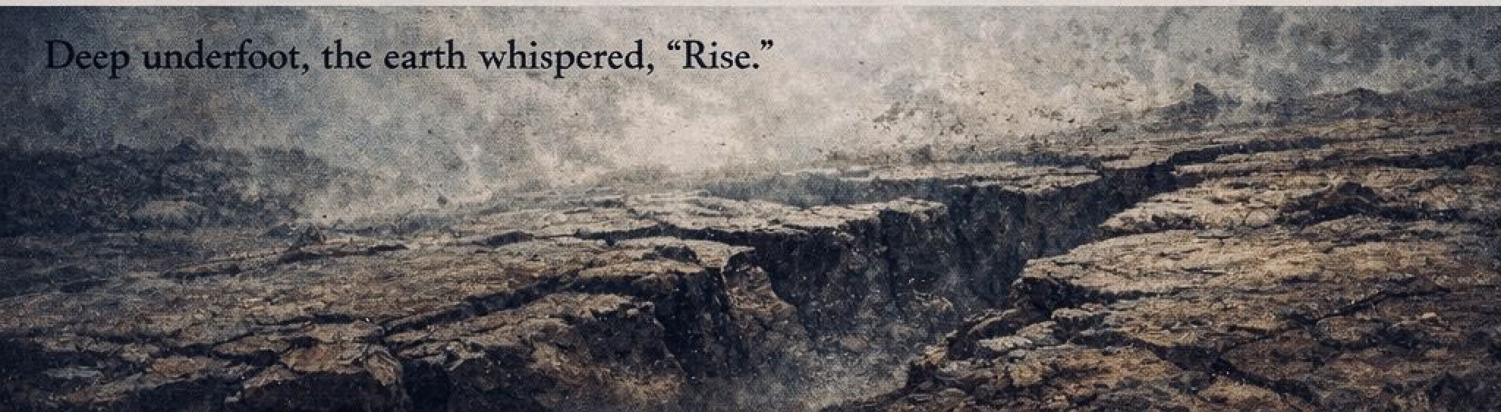


The sky bent low,
felt close, heavy with breath.

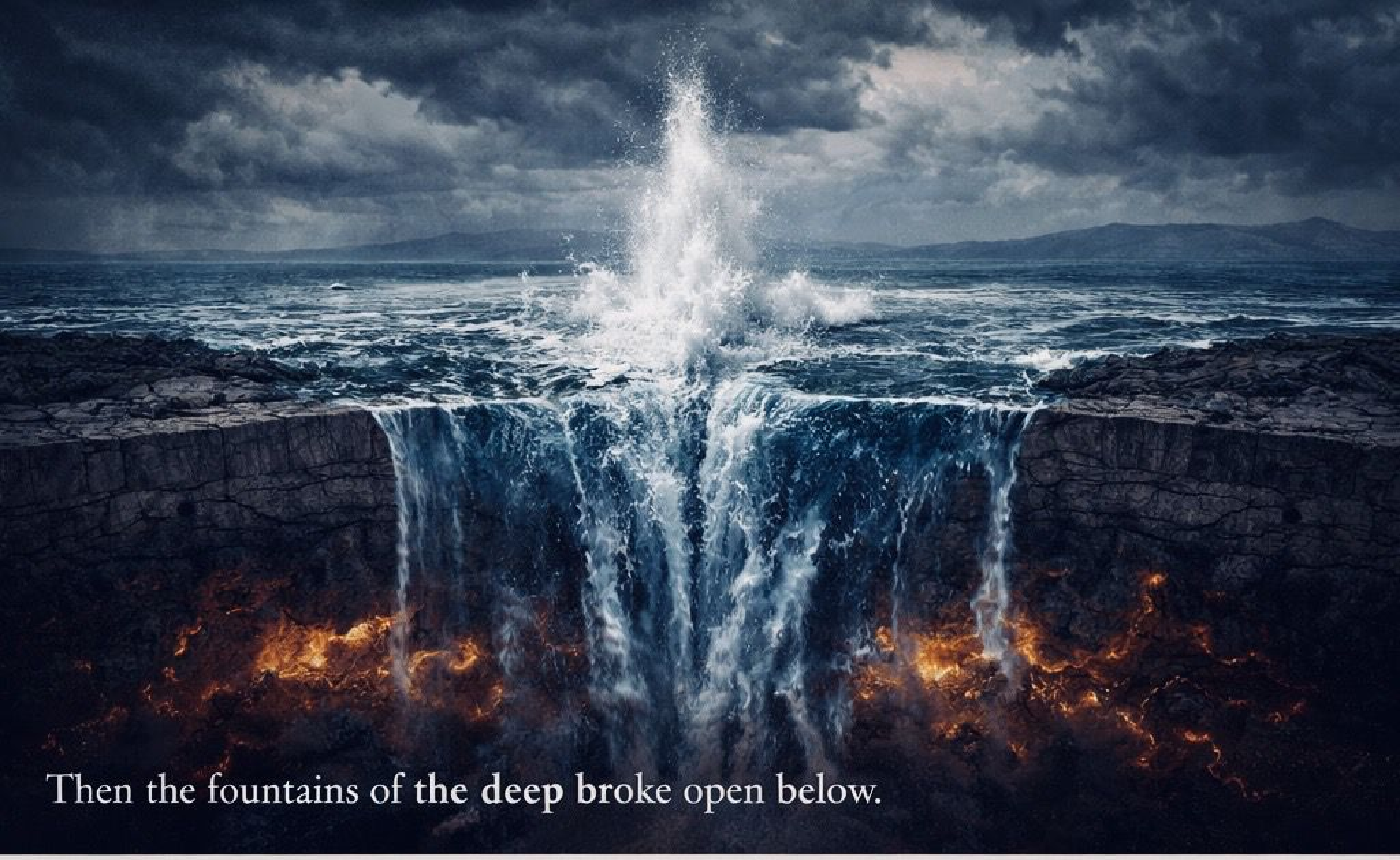




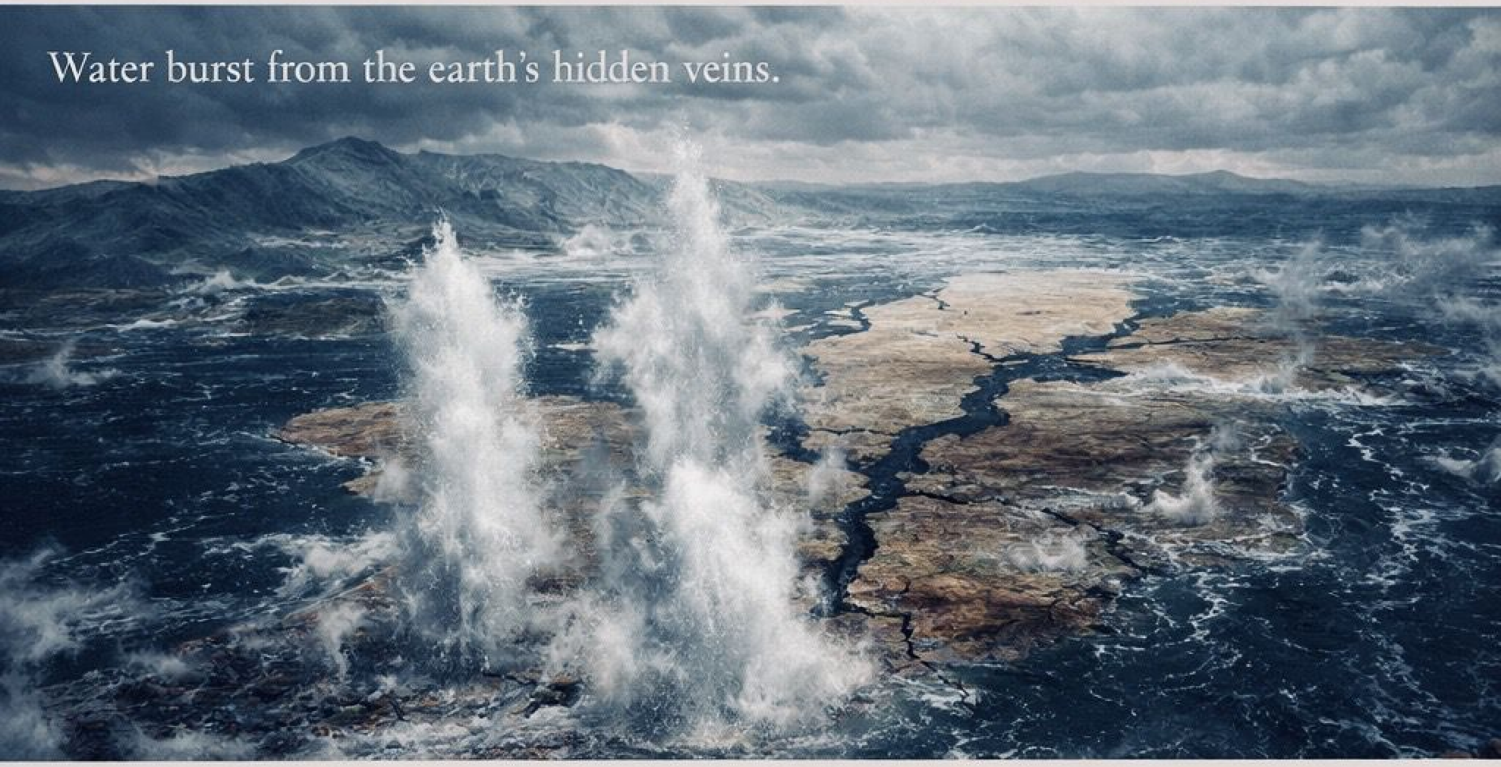
The wind no longer played; it trembled.



Deep underfoot, the earth whispered, “Rise.”

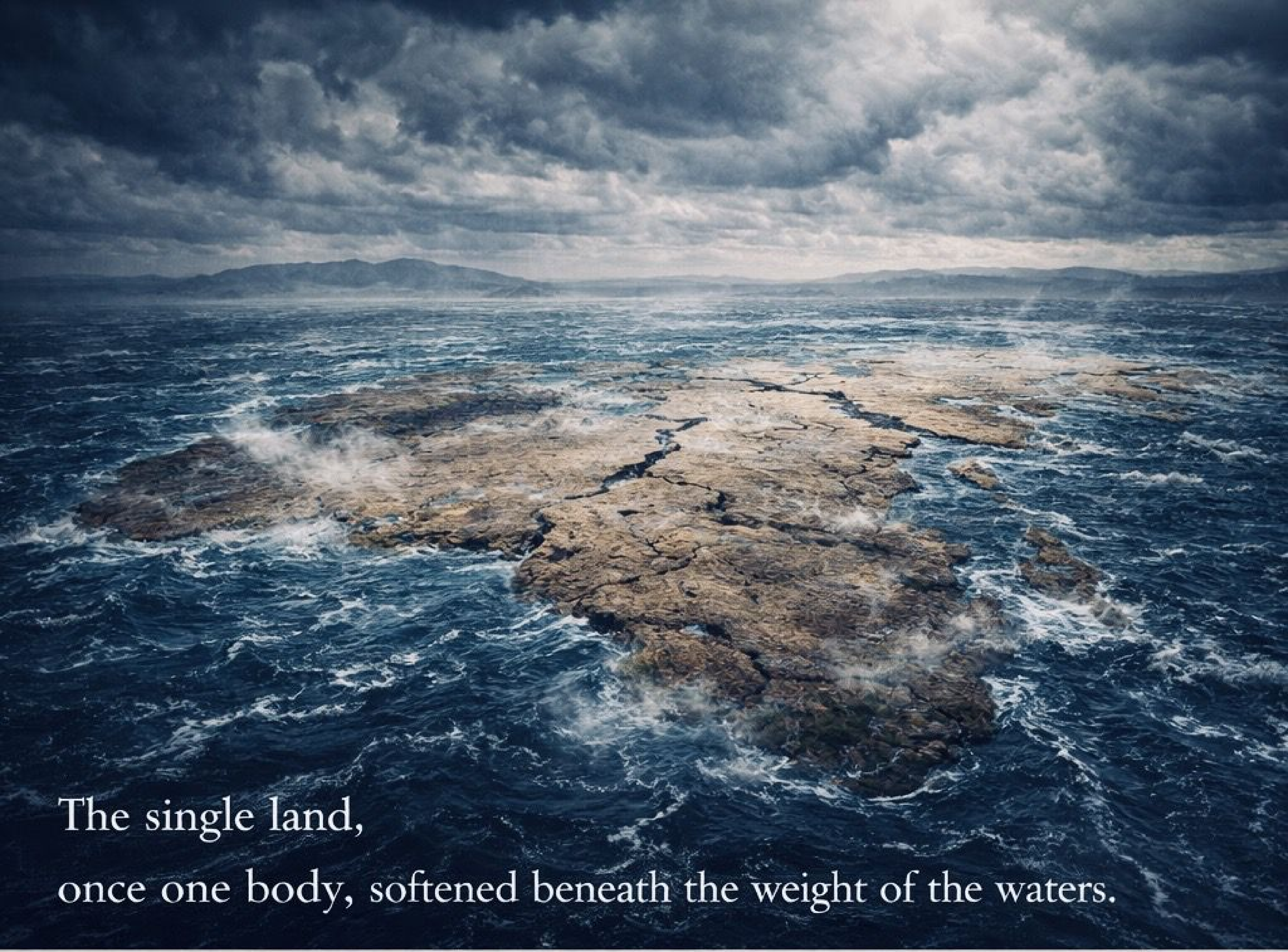


Then the fountains of **the deep bro**ke open below.

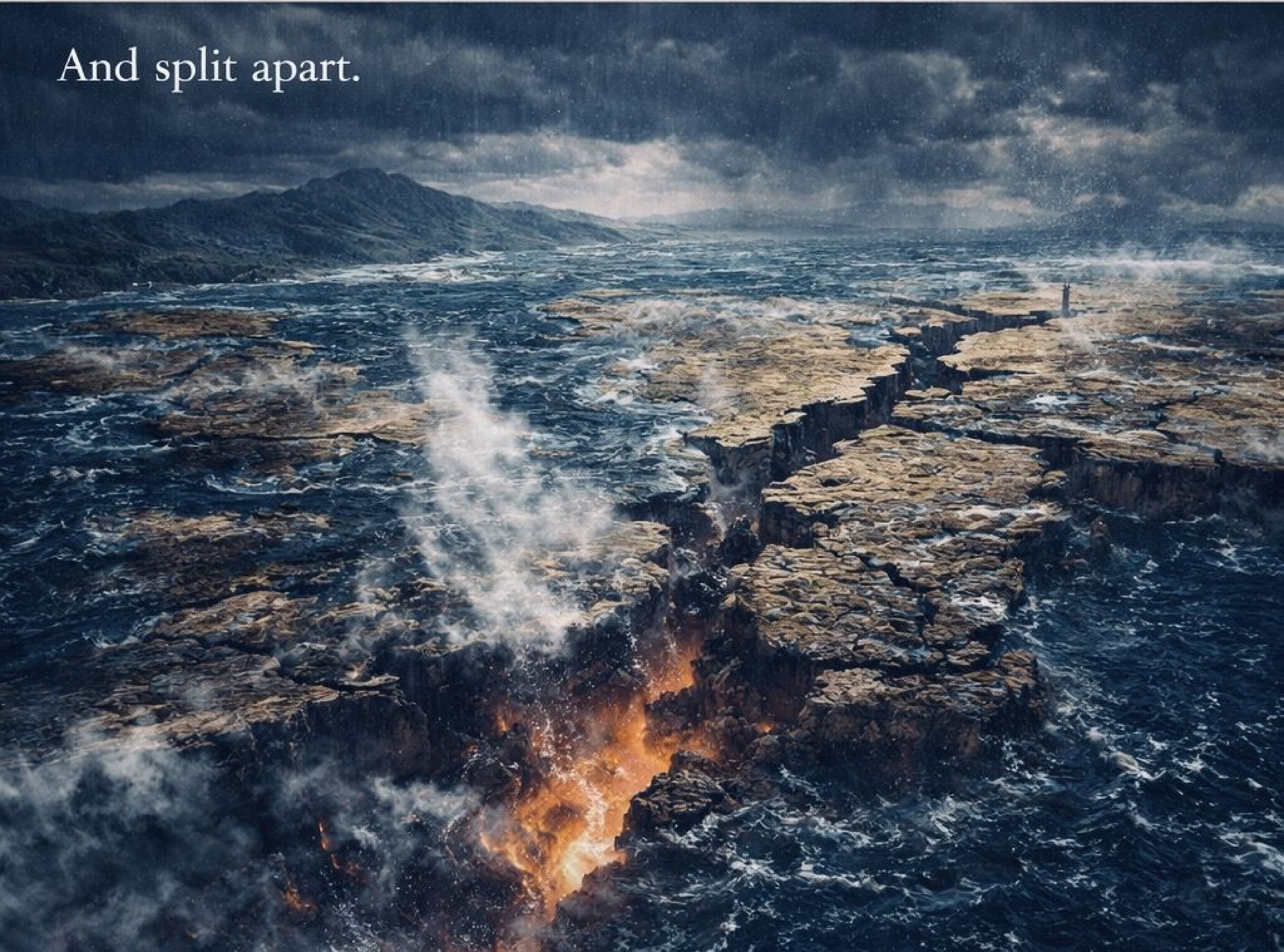


Water burst from the earth’s hidden veins.

And rain fell from above,
from top and bottom,
heaven and abyss.

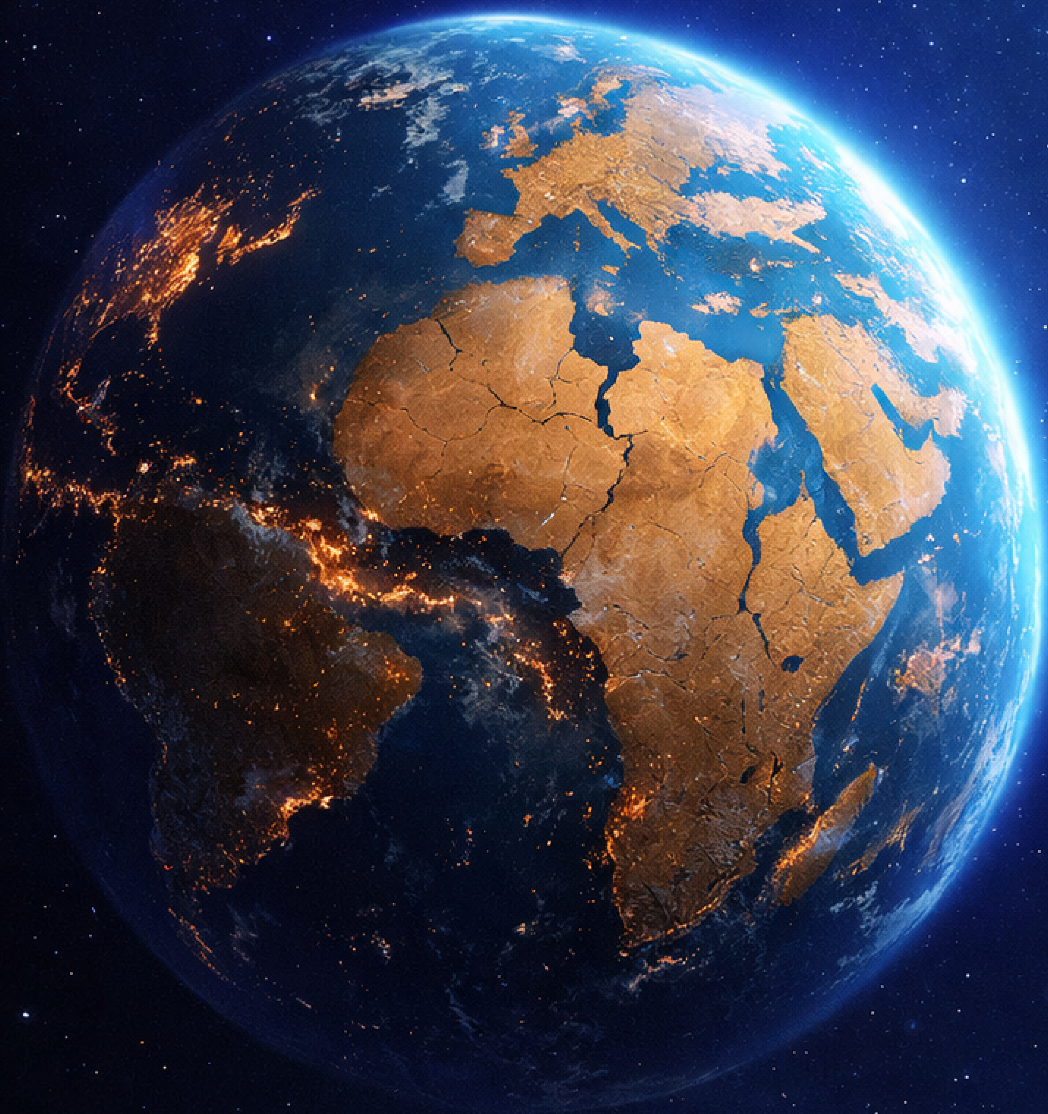


The single land,
once one body, softened beneath the weight of the waters.



And split apart.

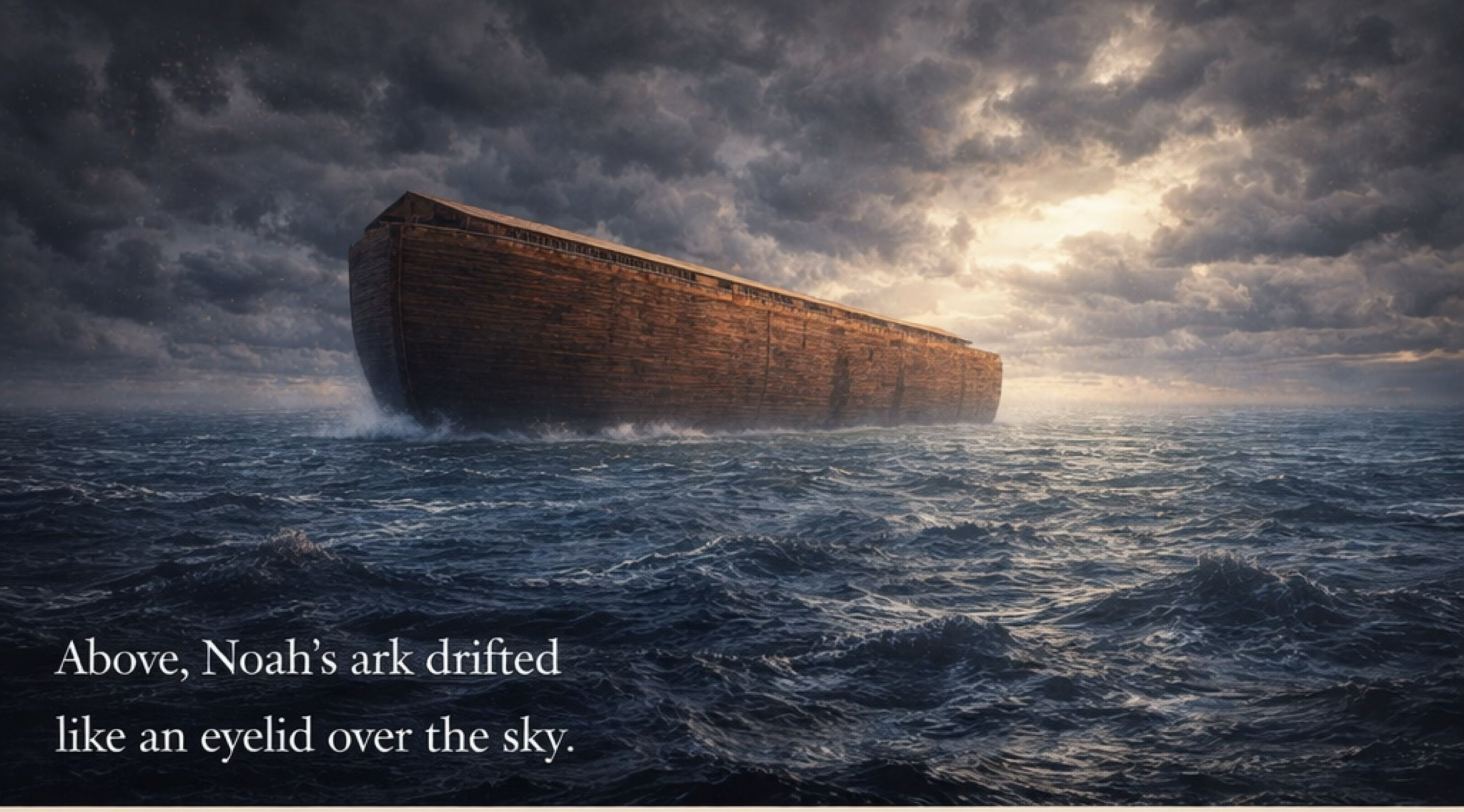
Like rock forming into clay.



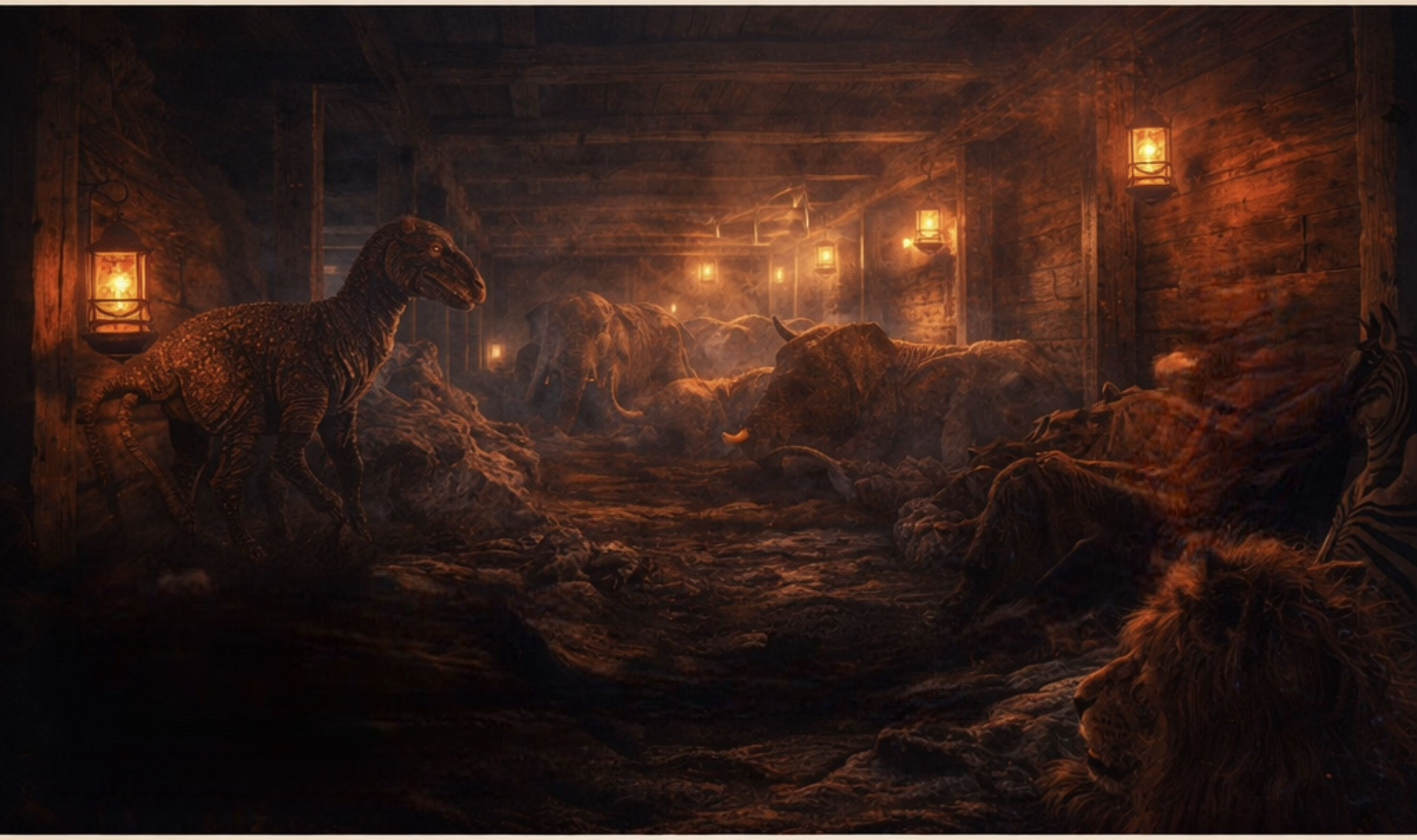
The great plate of the Pangea had cracked,

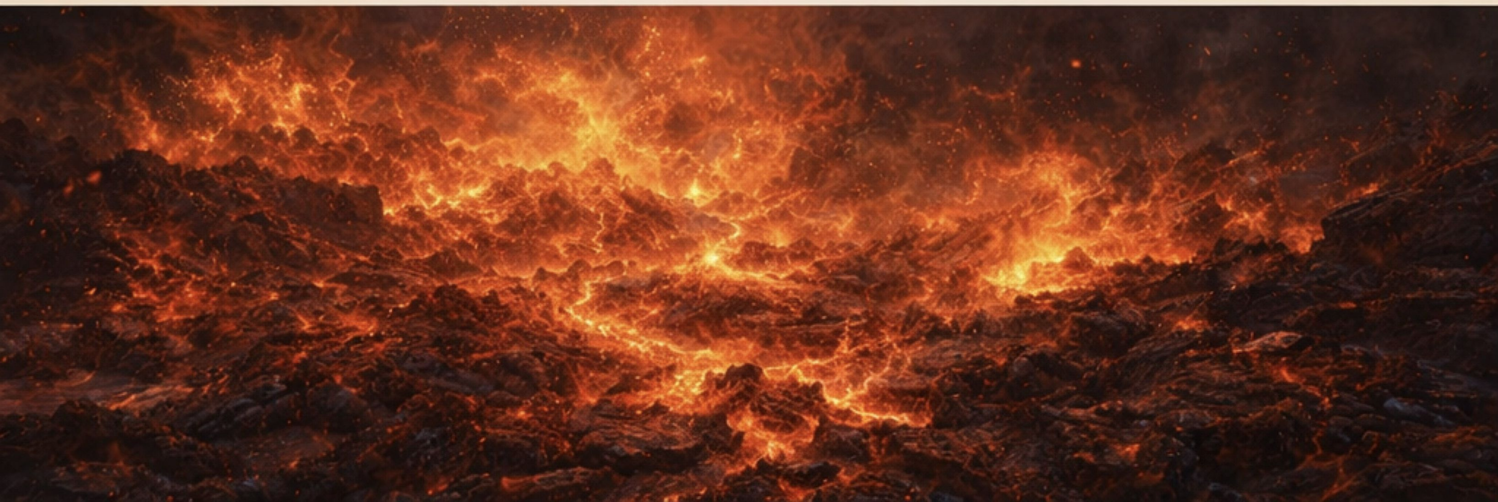
it slid apart slowly.

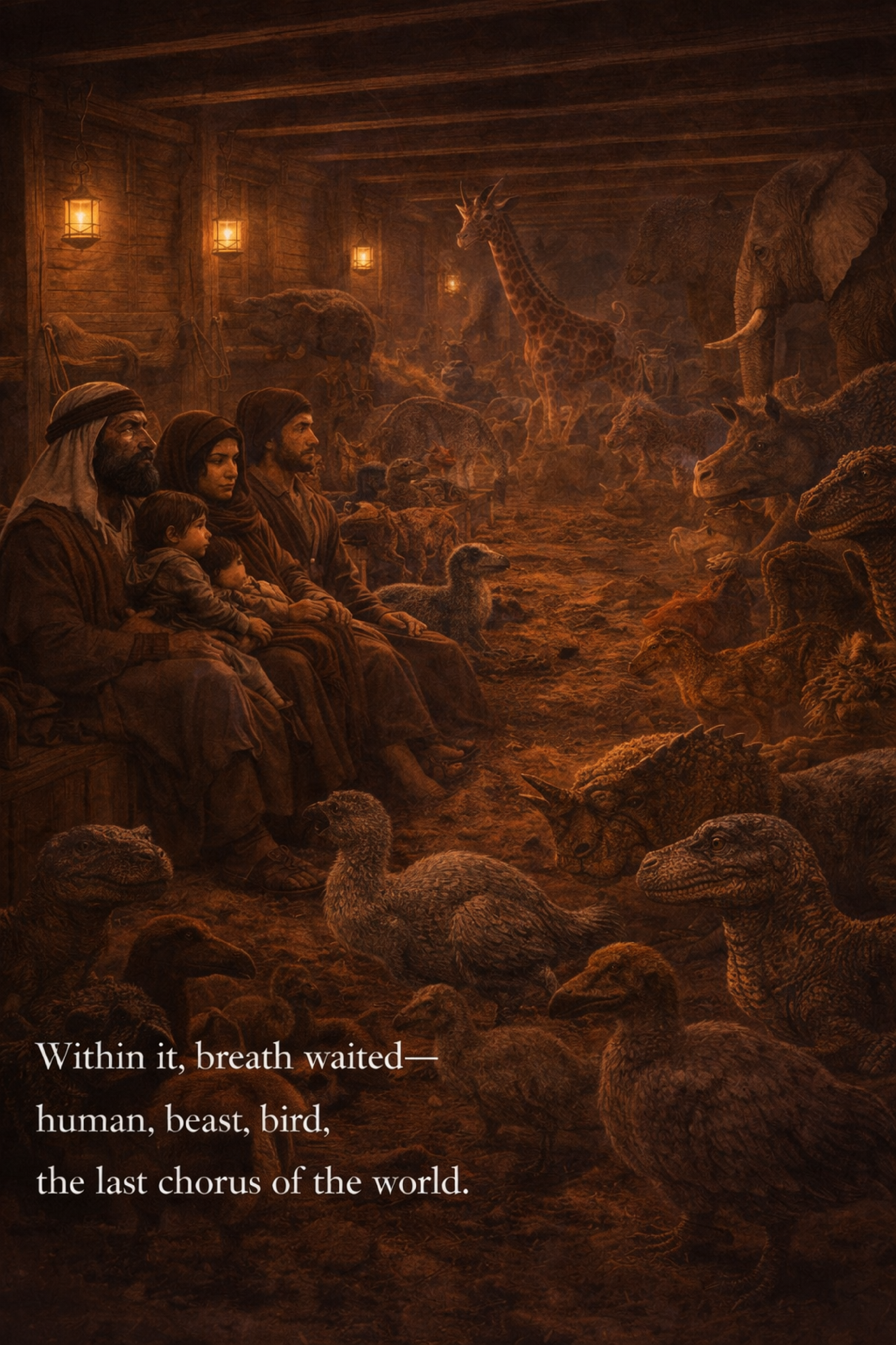
Carrying seeds and silence with them.



Above, Noah's ark drifted
like an eyelid over the sky.

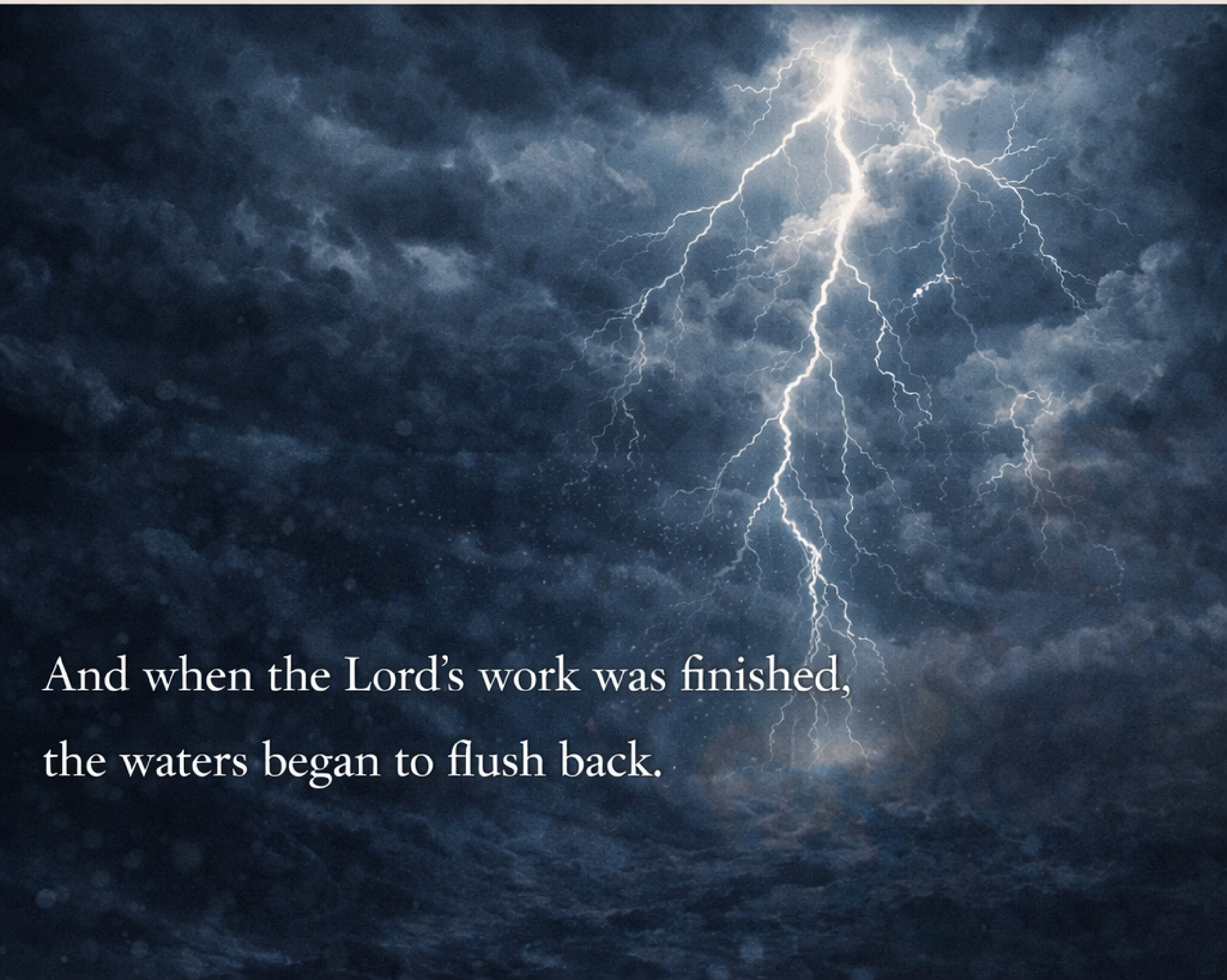




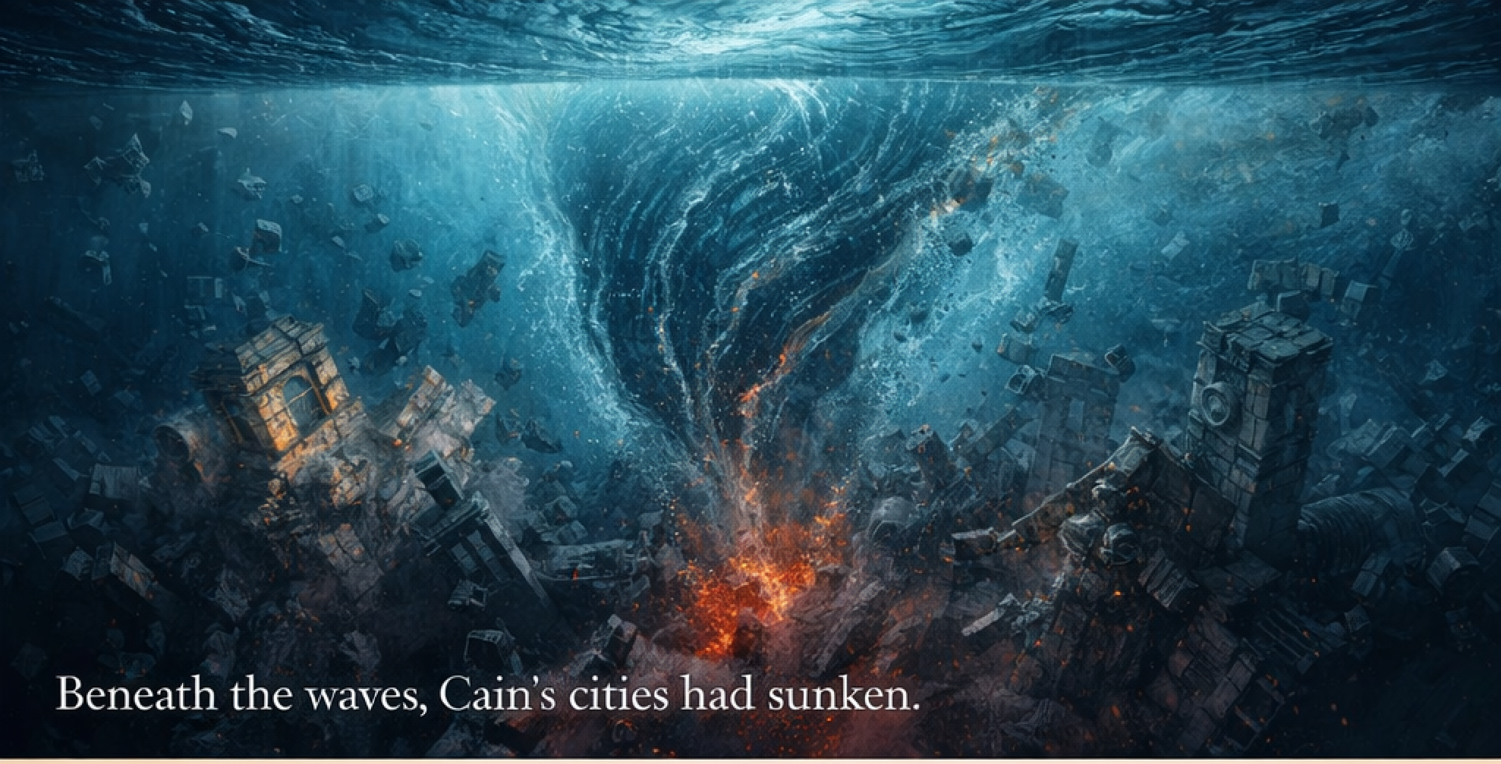


Within it, breath waited—
human, beast, bird,
the last chorus of the world.

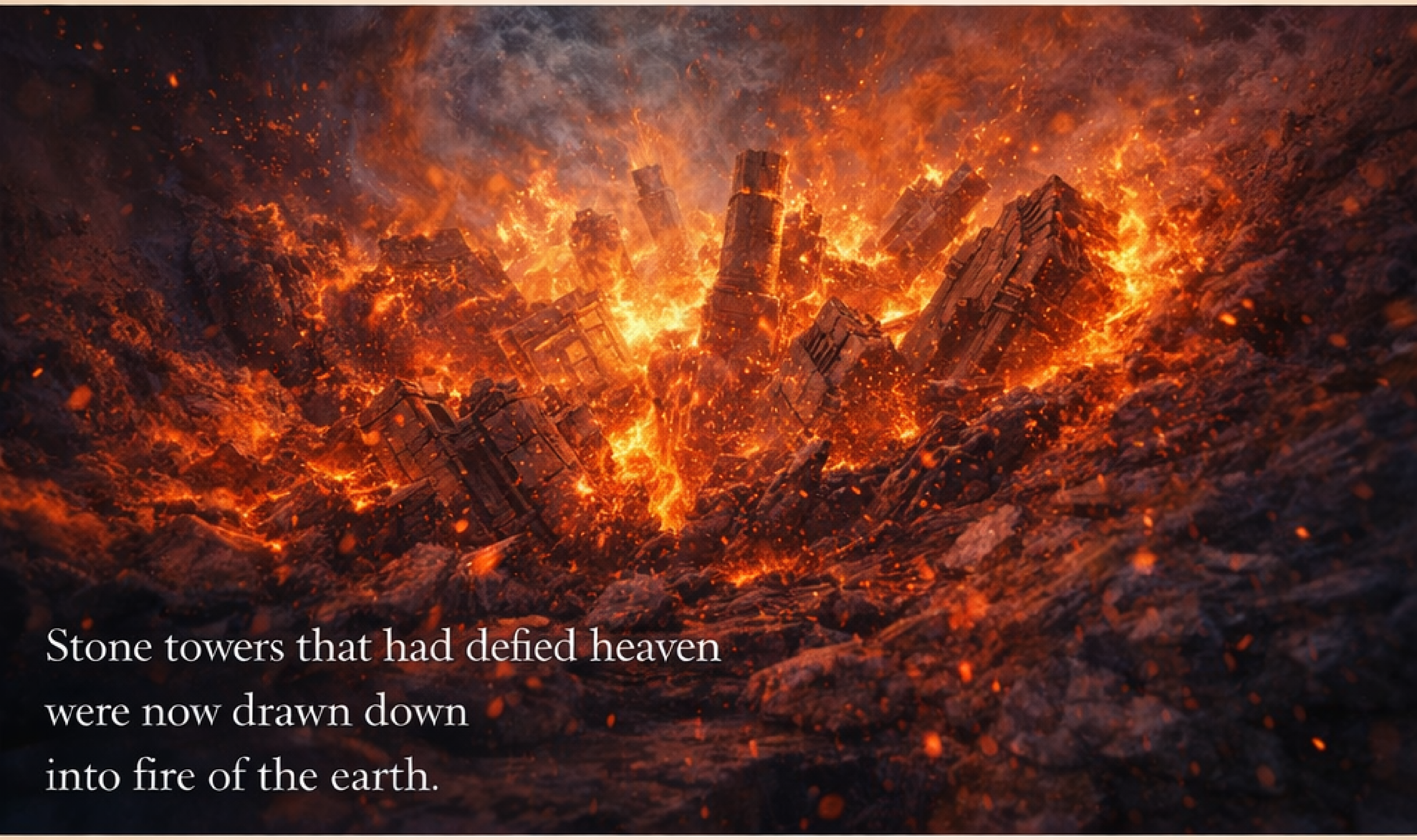
The sea ruled for forty days and forty nights.



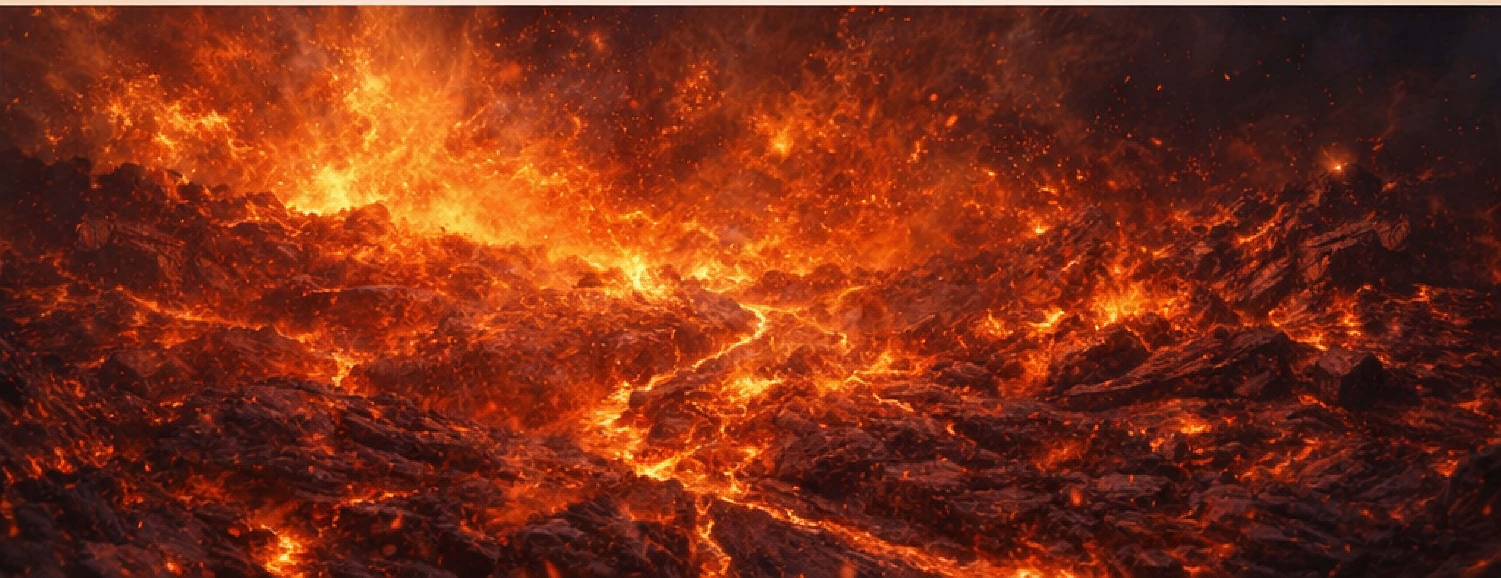
And when the Lord's work was finished,
the waters began to flush back.

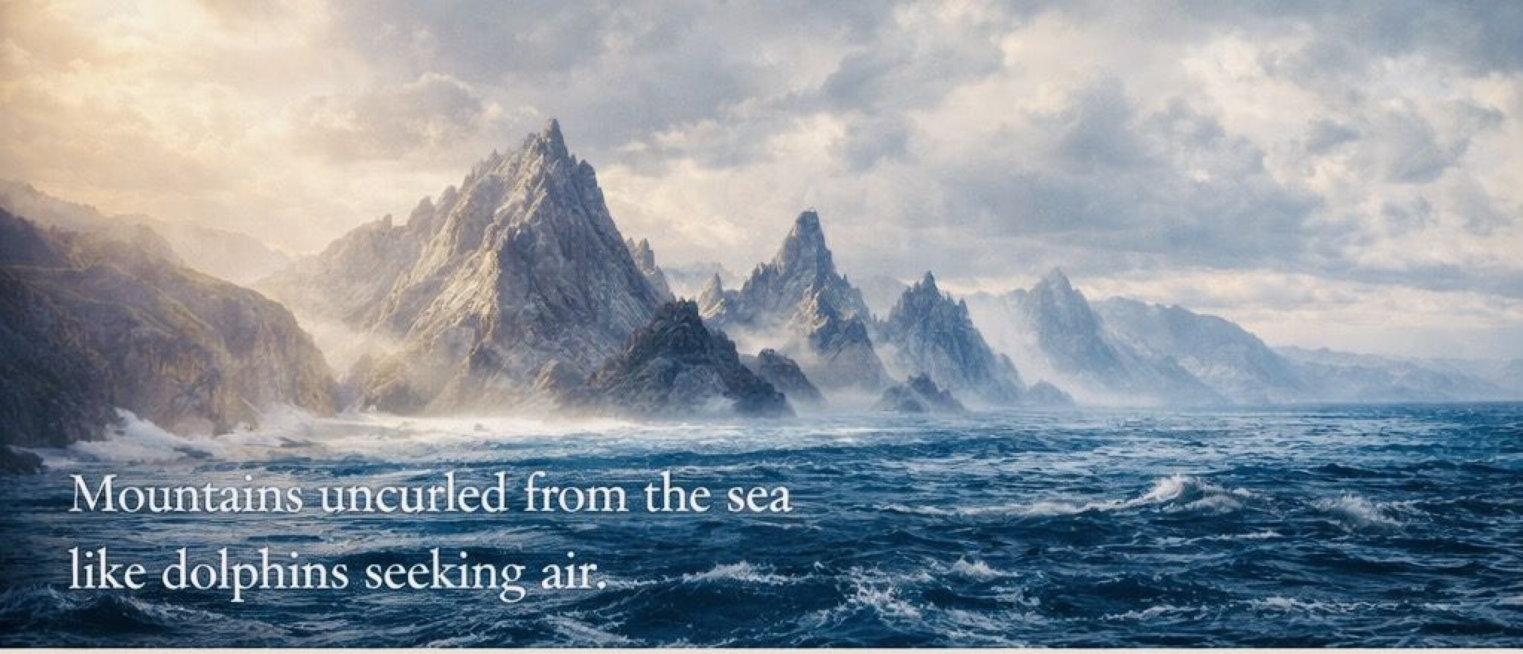


Beneath the waves, Cain’s cities had sunken.

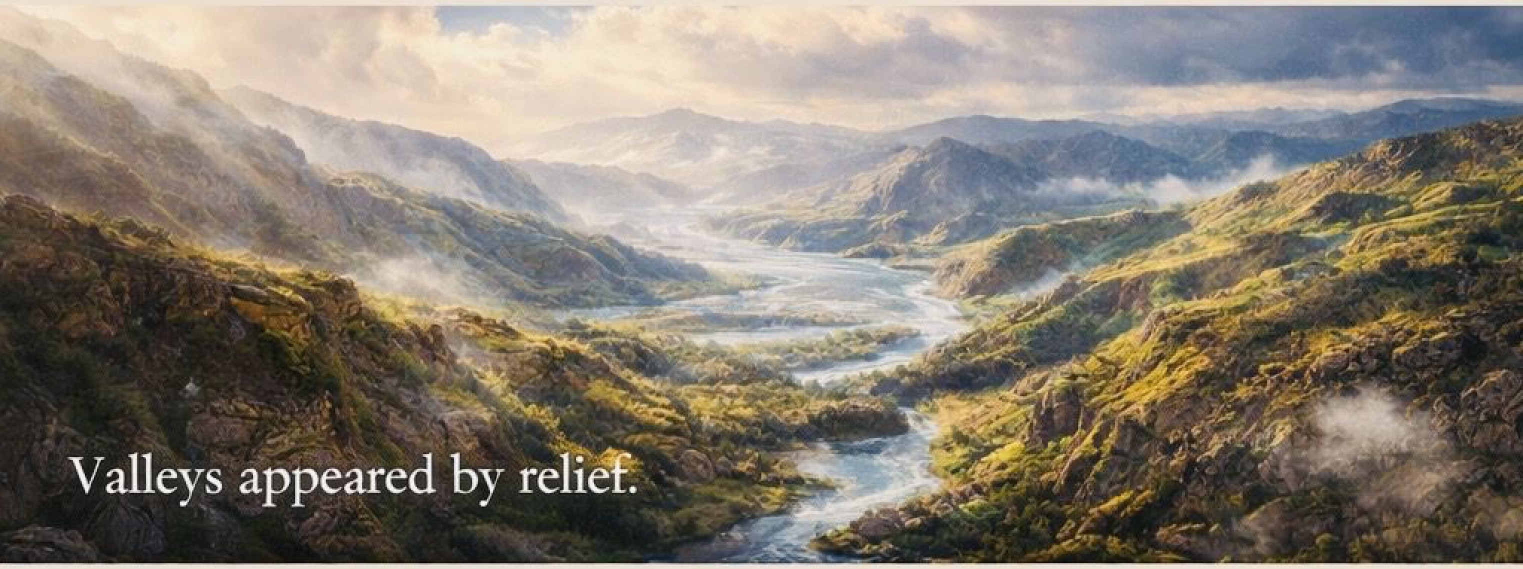


Stone towers that had defied heaven
were now drawn down
into fire of the earth.

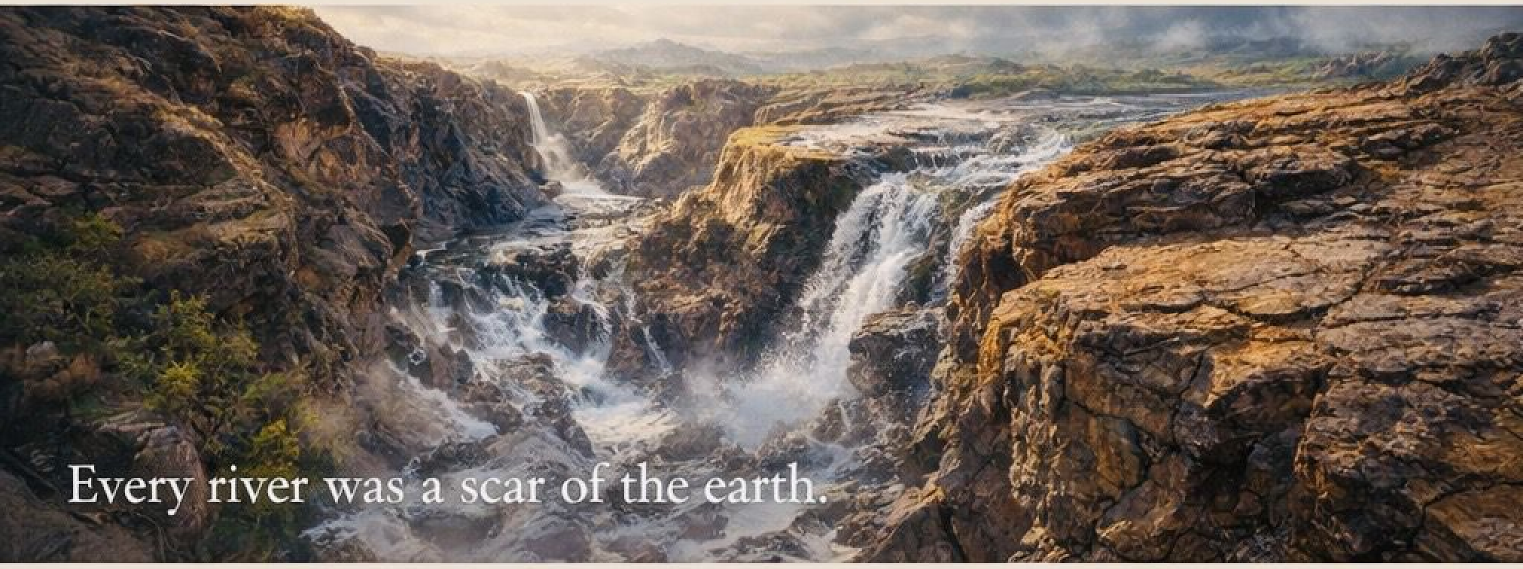




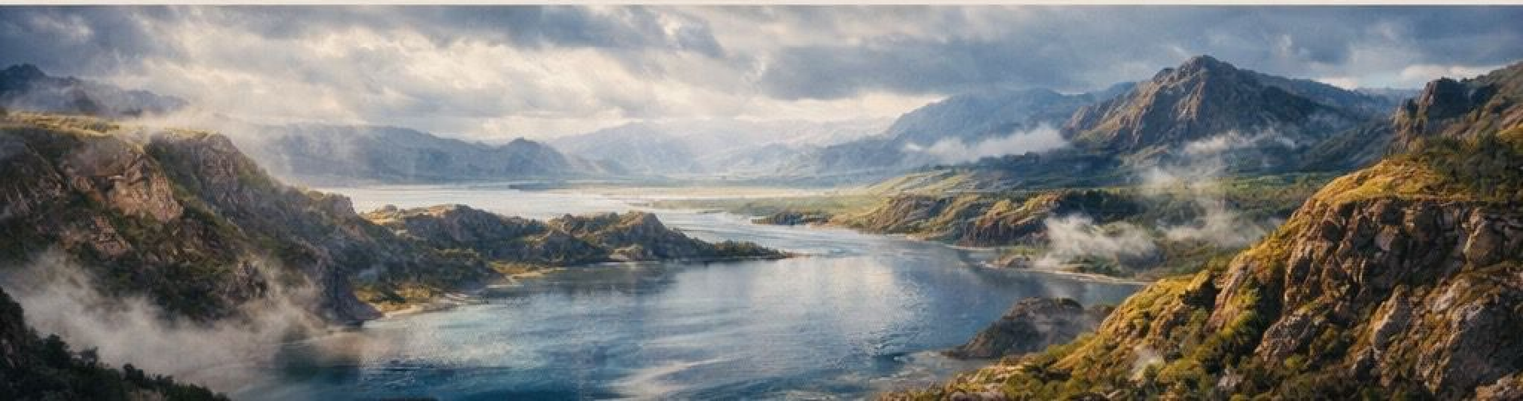
Mountains uncurled from the sea
like dolphins seeking air.

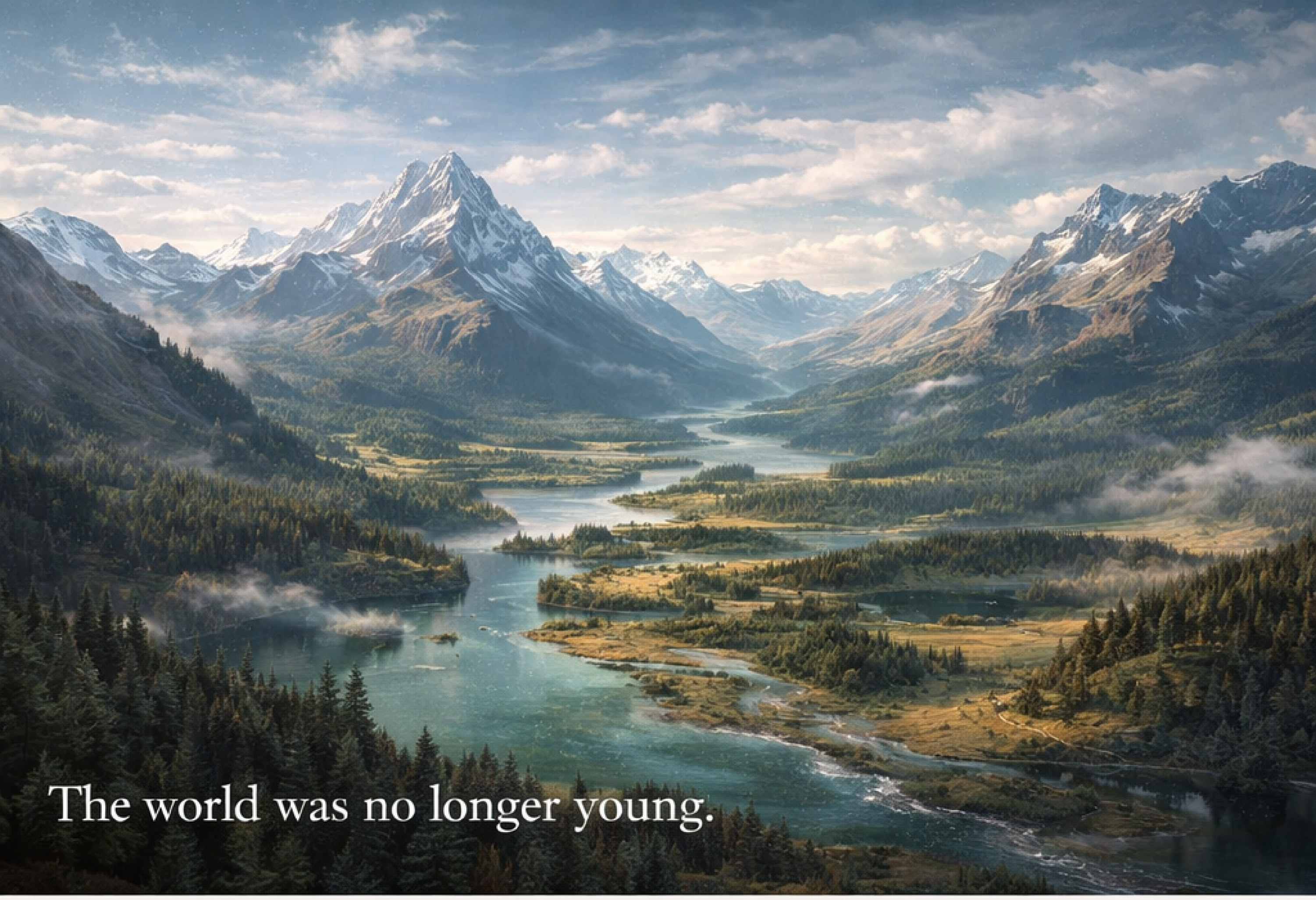


Valleys appeared by relief.

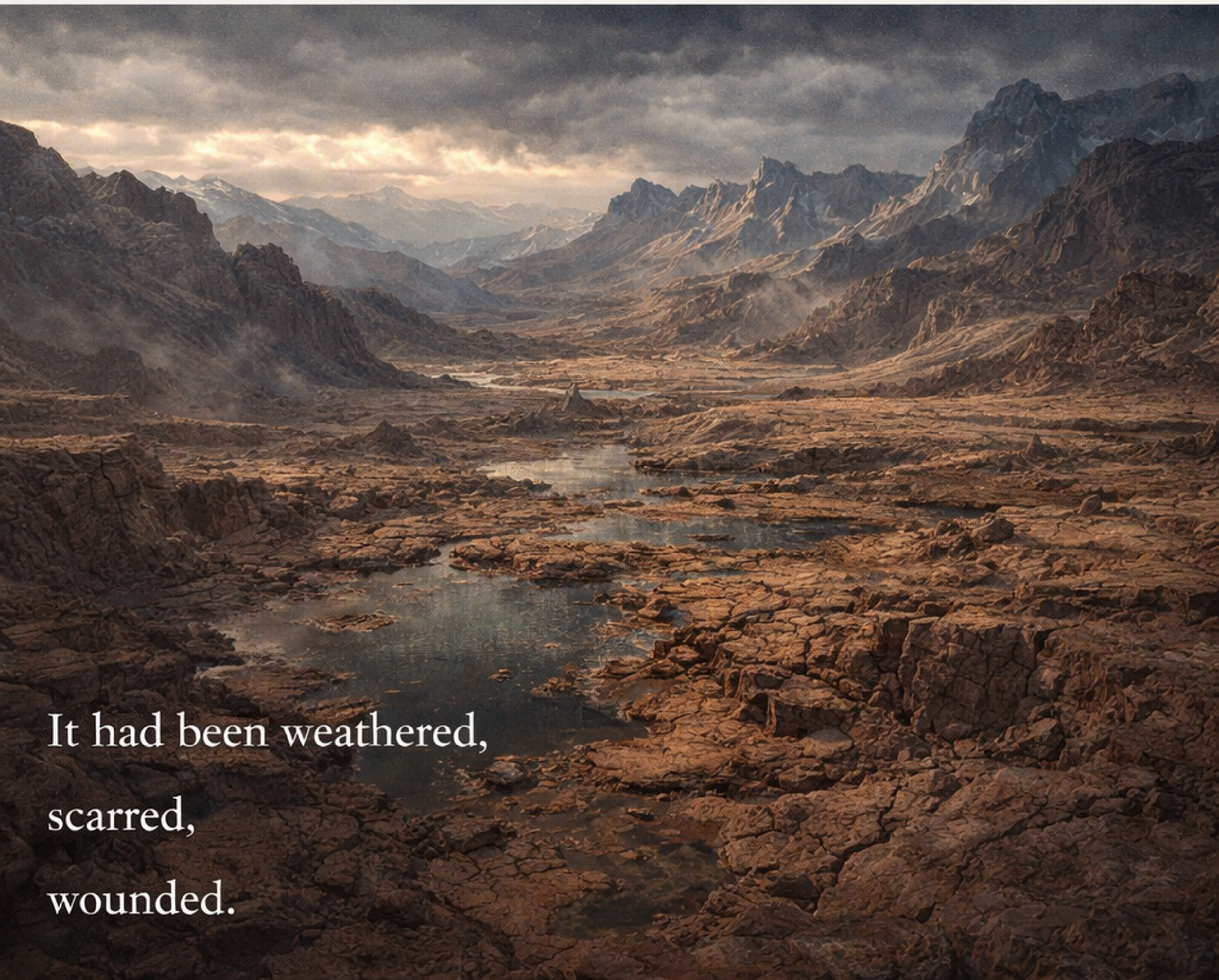


Every river was a scar of the earth.

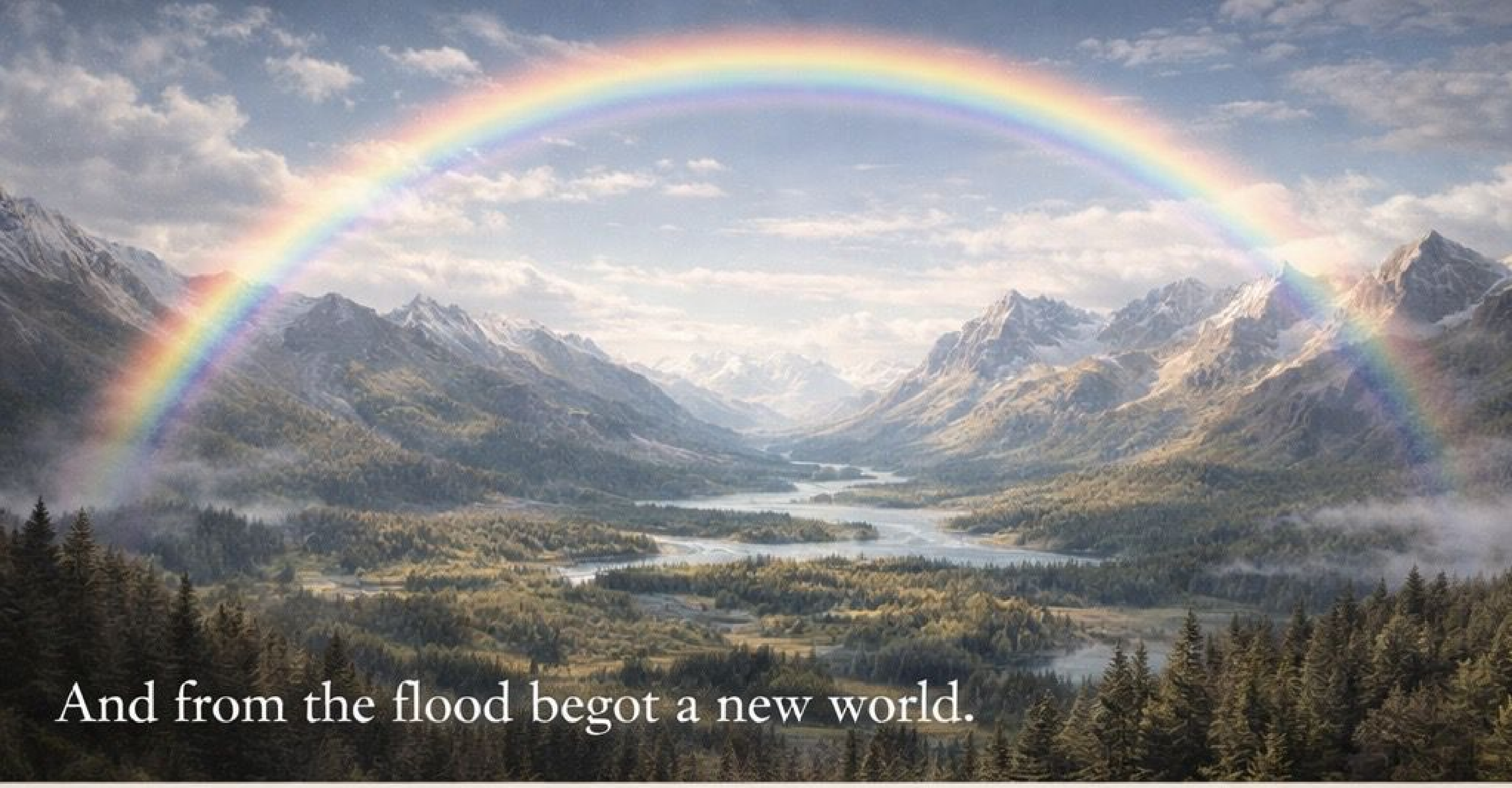




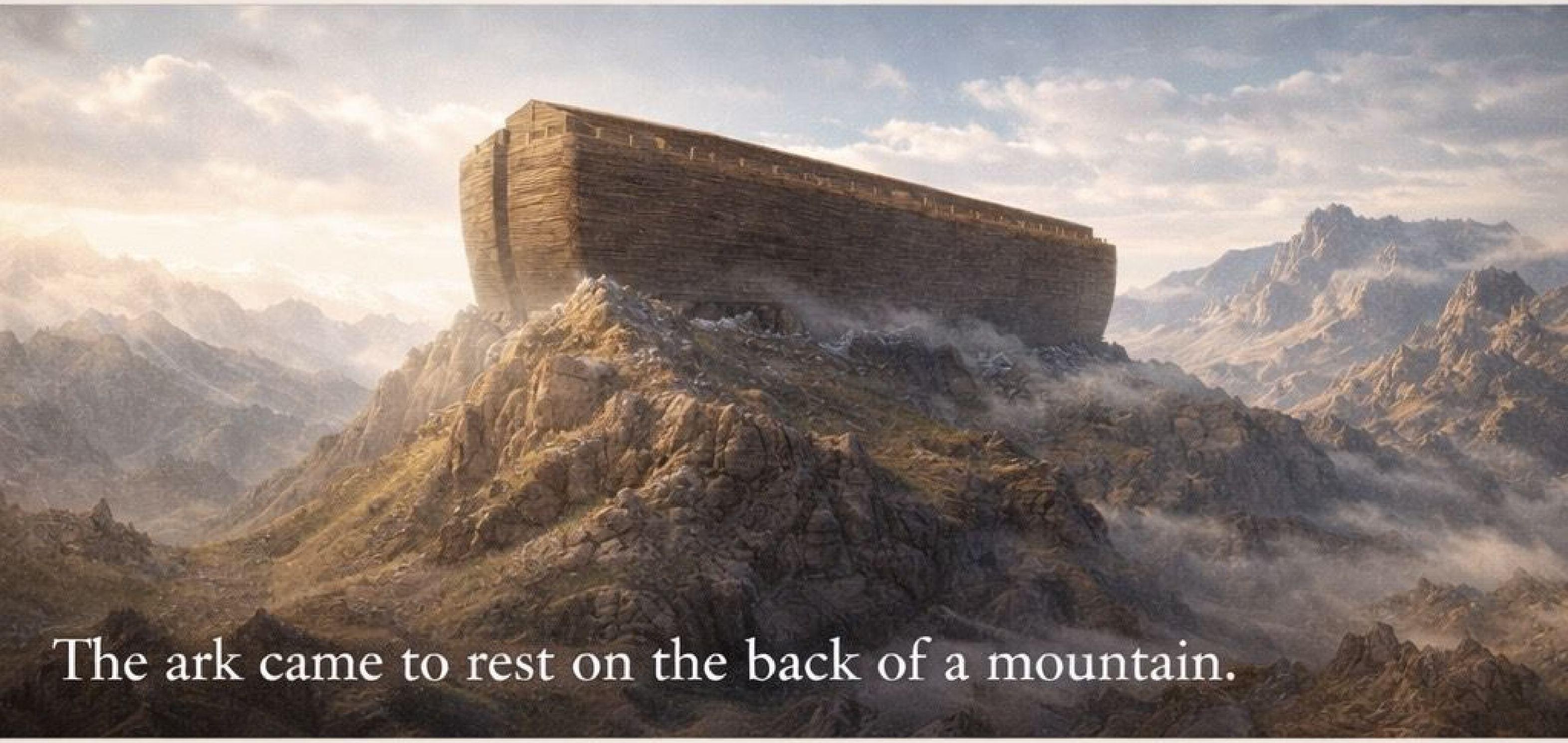
The world was no longer young.



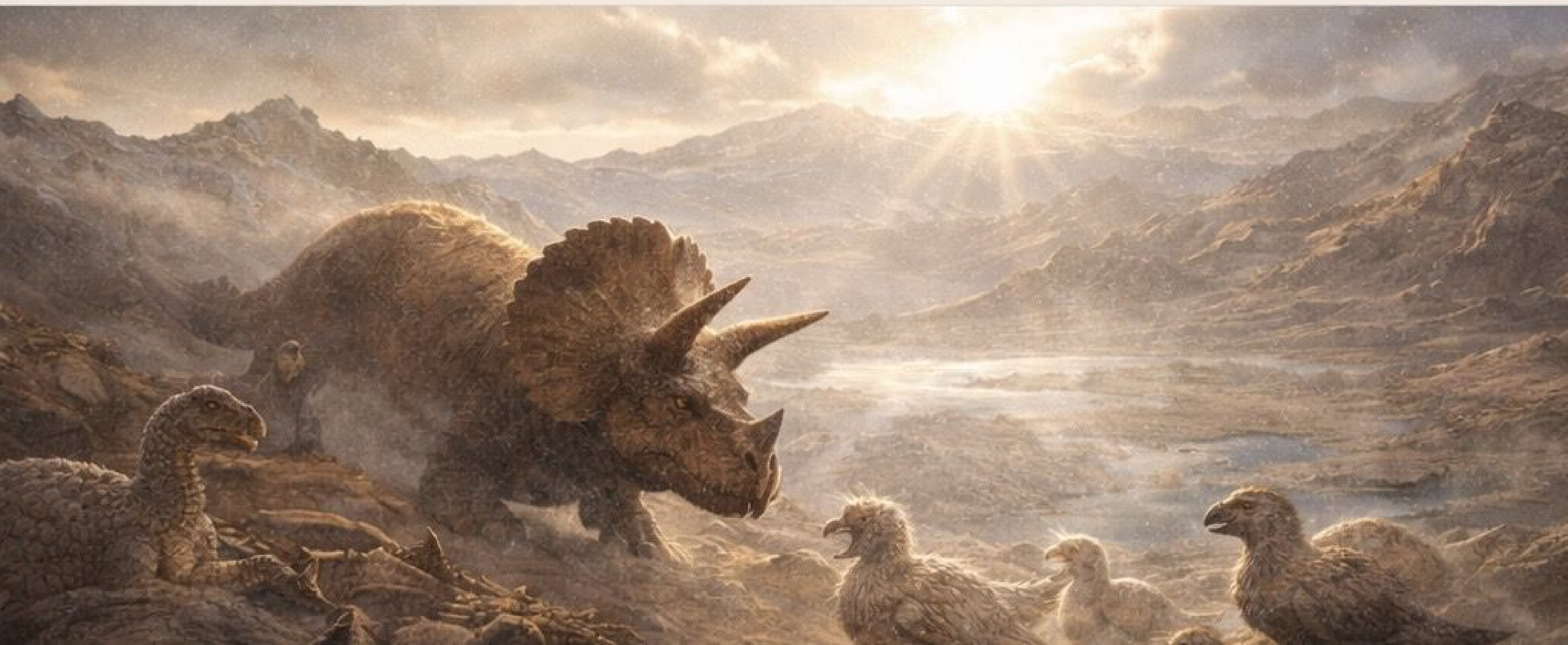
It had been weathered,
scarred,
wounded.

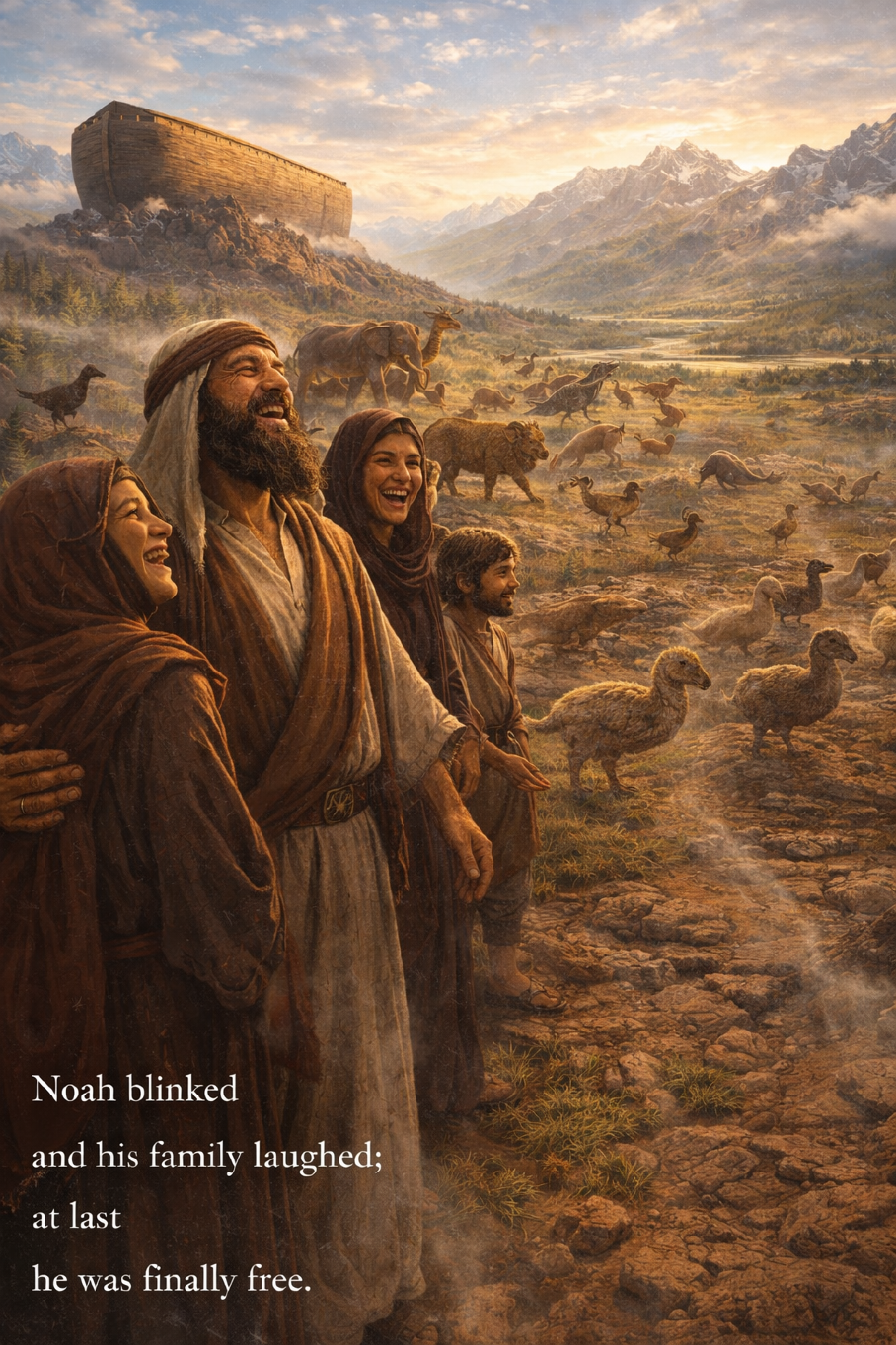


And from the flood begot a new world.



The ark came to rest on the back of a mountain.





Noah blinked
and his family laughed;
at last
he was finally free.